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This point to obtain now he'll promise
and bribe,
And all to *pure love* for the Papists ascribe.

Thus Janus-faced *Corney*, and seat-selling
Bob,
To carry the Union, that infamous job,
Protested, kind souls! to the powers a-
bove,
That *Bull*, by his Union, meant nothing
but love.

A similar love for Dissenters to shew,
Bull took their *once* patriot clergy in tow,
They swallowed the bait, but soon found
to their cost,
By his *Royal Bounty* their freedom they lost.

His church and state clergy *must* muzzle
their clack,
Dissenters he *gags*, thro' his agent Pope
Black,
Our senate he bought, so to have us quite
dumb,
On the Catholic clergy he'd fain lay his
thumb.

Supposing the natives this bargain should
clinch,
And *Bull* wish to break it, he *might* pack
a bench,
To settle the difference by saying "in sense
Pretence just means *purpose*, and purpose
pretence."

Then wise from experience, alas! dearly
bought,
No more in such traps shall the *Natives* be
caught,
No never shall *Bull* by his scheming and
lies,
Our last plank of liberty take by surprise.

POETRY.

AN EVENING'S CONTEMPLATION IN
A FRENCH PRISON; BY A PRISON-
ER. PRINTED AT ARRAS, AND
SOLD BY THE AUTHOR. PRICE
EIGHT SOLS.

THE Sun's bright orb retiring dimly
glares;
In strict compliance with the law of
pow'r,
Each prisoner to his cheerless roof repairs,
And I in thought amuse the vacant hour.

Now sable night o'er all her mantle throws,
And solemn silence reigns throughout
the yard,
Save where yon vet'ran to his station goes,
A poor disabled solitary guard.

Save that from yonder room in mournful
strains,
With melancholy tone and plaintive air,
Some tender father to the night complains,
Of children left without a parent's care.

Within these ramparts by fam'd Vauban
made,
Where hapless youths for freedom learn
to weep,
On beds of humble straw till morning laid,
The brave and dauntless sons of Nep-
tune sleep.

The pilot, steering with his wanted skill,
The *song* the seaman sings who heaves
the lead,
The calls of duty, or the pipes long trill,
No more must rouse them from the low-
ly bed.

For them no more the joys of home re-
turn,
Or social friends their welcome tables
keep;
No grateful sight now bids their bosoms
burn,
Of Britain's isle emerging from the deep.

Oft have they been in glorious triumph
found,
O'er naval force of hostile pow'rs com-
bined,
And oft the brows of gallant chiefs have
bound
With myrtle green 'midst rosy wreaths en-
twined.

Oh let not grandeur, with contemptuous
smile,
Mock their sad fate and destiny severe,
Nor pleasure's votaries in fair Albion's isle,
Cast on these captives a disdainful sneer.

The potent monarch with the splendid
throng,
And those whom buxom health adorns
with bloom,
To death's stern mandate must attend ere
long,
And sink to prison in the silent tomb.

Nor you, ye great, impute the fault to
those
Who in this realm high posts of honour
share,

Nor on the brave the gates of pity close,
 But misery's chain to break first nobly dare.
 Say, after toils of war and battle gain'd,
 With trophies rais'd by them to Britain's fame,
 Can you, to steer the helm of state ordain'd,
 Stamp on neglect like this a generous name.
 Perhaps in "durance vile" here may be plac'd
 Some heart susceptible of poetic fire,
 Hands which the sword of Duncan might have grac'd,
 Or tun'd like Falconer the living lyre.
 But science on their birth refused to smile,
 Nor gave the instructive volume to their sight,
 Their lives were destined to perpetual toil,
 Unseen the rays of intellectual light.
 Full many a song the tuneless bird of night
 Warbles unheard amid some lonely place;
 Full many a sun of dazzling lustre bright,
 Is lost in distance in the boundless space.
 Some gen'rous Howard, who with god-like zeal
 Rov'd o'er the world to set the pris'ner free,
 May here the horrors of confinement feel,
 Nor e'er again his home or country see.
 Some gallant Nelson here unknown may rest,
 In cells ungenial lost his soul of fire,
 His mind of vigour and that dauntless breast,
 Danger could ne'er appal, or labour tire.
 From lords and commons to receive applause,
 O'er fleets combined assume the high command,
 To save their country, or protect its laws,
 And in historic page for ever stand.
 Their lot forbids; nor yet alone confines
 Their useful virtues, but denies the pow'r
 By unjust war whole millions to consign
 To death or misery in a fatal hour.
 Far from ambition's Alpine hills they rove,
 Thro' life's low valley modestly they go,
 Nor projects form to climb the heights above,
 But live obscurely in the vale below.
 Our fate, oh England! will thine annals stain,
 And fill with tears the sympathetic eye
 Of gentle pity, who will not refrain
 To pay for these the tribute of a sigh.
 For who, imprison'd in this gloomy place,
 The cheering thoughts of freedom e'er resign'd,

FELT not an anxious wish to see the face
 Of some fair maid in Britain left behind
 Or to grief and gaol-disease a prey,
 By ev'ry pleasing hope not quite forsook,
 Can the stern tyrant Death's approach survey,
 Nor cast on home one longing, ling'ring look.

Then liberty, thou goddess of the isle,
 Whom Britain's sons with fervency adore,
 Deign on our pray'rs propitiously to smile,
 And quickly wait us to our native shore.

For thee, whose heart for others oft has bled,
 And shar'd thyself the tale thou dost relate,
 If to Arras by sportive fortune led,
 Some friend to freedom should inquire thy fate.

Perchance some aged person may reply,
 "Oft have we seen him when with colors clear,
 The rosy morn had painted bright yon sky,
 With beaver brown and thread-bare coat appear.

"Within those walls, now mould'ring to decay,
 Rais'd on the rampart o'er the portal gate,
 With learning's votive youths he pass'd the day,
 And por'd upon some book till evening late.

"Then homeward to yon room he would repair,
 And on the bed his listless length would stretch,
 Absorb'd in sorrow and in deep despair,
 His home or country ne'er again to reach."

And much I fear he'll shake his head and say,
 "One morn we miss'd him at th' accusation'd hour,
 Nor in the busy school was he that day,
 Nor seen at eve to make his lonely tour.

"Next day in order slow without a hearse,
 Straight thro' the Paris gate we saw him borne,
 Near yon high mount where stand the glitt'ring cross,
 His sad remains to their long home are gone."

EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A youth whom fortune had, with cruel sport,

u b

Made her diversion from his humble birth,
'Till Death at last his thread of life cut
short.

To misery's offspring or the child of want,
His arms were open and his heart alive,

But penury ordain'd his purse so scant,
A sigh or tear was all he had to give.

No other virtue in him seek to find,
Or the remembrance of his faults be made,
Nor let stern censure with a voice unkind,
Disturb the quiet of his peaceful shade.

DISCOVERIES AND IMPROVEMENTS IN ARTS, MANUFACTURES, AND AGRICULTURE.

*On weeding or cleaning Land by George Ren-
nie, Esq. of Phantassie. From the Com-
munications of the Board of Agriculture.*

WEEDES ought to be considered as robbers, that pilfer the food necessary for supporting the more valuable and useful vegetables. Viewed in this light, certainly all possible means for destroying them ought to be used; and if their total extirpation from the soil cannot be accomplished, their propagation should at least be checked, and their numbers diminished as much as possible. The weeds most commonly met with in this country are, 1, couch-grass; 2, knot, or nut-grass; 3, dockins, or dock weed; 4, thistles; 5, tussilago, or colts-foot; 6, crow-foot; 7, nettles; 8, rag-weed; 9, mugwort; 10, mountain-daisy, a species of the white gowan; all of which may be considered as perennials. The principal annuals are, 1, scelloch, or crop-weed; 2, wild mustard; 3, spurry, or rhums; 4, annual white gowan; 5, goose-grass; 6, dornel; 7, popple. To destroy these, and other noxious weeds, the operations of summer fallowing, horse and hand hoeing, with hand-picking, are commonly employed, though often with less effect than might be expected. The object of this paper therefore, is to illustrate the nature of these weeds, and to explain the best modes of removing them; matters certainly of great importance to the practical husbandman, though hitherto too much neglected in many places.

1. Perennial Weeds.

1. Couch-grass. This variety of grass, the most inveterate enemy of every farmer, requires no description, being well known from one end of the island to the other. To keep land free of it requires unremitted care and labour, though it may be effected by frequent ploughings in the summer months, harrowing and rolling

repeatedly, and, above all, by gathering with the hand every particle of couch that is brought to the surface after the several ploughings. Attention to these operations must never cease, otherwise the enemy will soon be restored to his primitive strength; but, if constantly bestowed, the labour of each rotation will gradually become more easy in the execution, and the expense thereof be proportionably diminished.

2. Knot-grass. This is a most baneful weed, and more difficult to be extirpated than the preceding one. It is called knot or nut-grass from the roots of the plant resembling a parcel of nuts fixed together, of different sizes. When this parcel is separated by harrowing and rolling, the single nut will lie upon the surface, exposed to the severest drought for many weeks, without losing its vegetative powers; and when moistened by rain or ploughed into the ground, will instantly grow again with as much vigour as if it had not been disturbed. In fact, there is no remedy against its pernicious effects, but carefully gathering the most minute fragment of the nut. Knot-grass also carries a large quantity of seed; so that no field, of which it is once in possession, can possibly be cleared without the steadiest perseverance of a farmer for many years.

3. Dockweed, or dockins. This abominable weed is very prevalent in many districts, and is a most troublesome enemy upon all wet soils where it once gets footing. It propagates both by root and seed; the latter of which is produced in such abundance, that one stalk is sufficient to furnish seed for an acre. Many negligent farmers when cutting their crops, allow the docks to stand, which is a most shameful and pernicious practice; as by the first gale of wind the seeds of the standing docks are blown over the whole field,